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FUNERAL ORATION

ON BROTHER

GEORGE WASHINGTON;

DELIVERED

January 1*st*, 1800,

BEFORE THE FRENCH LODGE L'AMÉNITÉ.

BY BROTHER SIMON CHAUDRON.

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH
BY SAMUEL F. BRADFORD.

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BRITISH MUSEUM

FUNERAL ORATION &c.

MY BRETHREN,

OUR Brother, GEORGE WASHINGTON, is no more.

A new ſpectacle burſts on the eye of philoſophy. The whole univerſe, perhaps, for the firſt time, will unite in offering a tribute of gratitude to the memory of a mortal!

We, my brethren, whom fate has placed on the theatre of his glory, and near to his laſt remains, we ought to haſte, as the apoſtles of humanity, to ſtrew the earlieſt flowers on the tomb of her hero.

Fear not, reſpected ſhade, that I would compare thy name to the names of thoſe unfortunately celebrated as demi-gods, whoſe greatneſs was derived from the annihilation or deſtruction of mankind, and whoſe bloody triumphs foreboded ſlavery or death.

Thy glory is erected on the baſis of thy virtues; than haſt extended thy conqueſts only in the hearts and over the opinions of men; and, on this very earth, which, human corruption and avarice have watered with blood and tears, thou art the firſt who haſt dared to eſtabliſh the principles of juſtice and liberty.

Moſt juſt of mortals! even thy death, for which a world is bathed in tears, will reſult to the benefit of man. The grief of nations for thy loſs will be a terrible leſſon to their oppreſſors; it will announce to them the near approach of the diſſolution of their power, and the triumph of reaſon over the ſhameful prejudices of ſlavery. It will convince them, how little is their greatneſs compared with the empire of virtue, whoſe only limits are the boundaries of the univerſe.

If now, diſencumbered, as thou art, of the trammels of mortality, thou canſt ſtill feel an intereſt in ſublunary concerns; how affecting to thee muſt be the view of thoſe rewards, which the love and gratitude of thy country are this day laviſhing upon thee. Theſe broken words, which terminate only in ſobs; this heart-rending eagerneſs to announce the loſs of a great man, and the inability to do it except by tears; this diſplay of grief, which the charms of youth and beauty render ſo powerful, that, each family appears to have loſt its father and benefactor; this common burſt of bleſſings and tears; muſt all declare to thee, that, in quitting life, thou haſt only haſtened forward in the road to immortality.

Brethren, if my ſoul were leſs oppreſſed, I would undertake to recall to your recollection, all thoſe titles by which Waſhington commanded the eternal grief of his country, and the eſteem of all the earth. I would undertake to follow him in that difficult and glorious career, into which he was impelled by his devotion to the cauſe of humanity. But, I find that the feeling heart is better able to cheriſh and admire great men, than to cele-

brate them. I find that the feeling heart cannot offer any tribute to their memory which will not be weakened by grief.

And how can I ſecure myſelf againſt that ſentiment which all feel, which every thing around me combines to inſpire. This immenſe portion of America, whoſe chains he broke aſunder, re-echoes with the voice of woe; all hands are raiſed to heaven in ſearch of the father, the deliverer of their country. The ſound of the muffled bells aſcends on high, the temples of God are ſhrouded with the badges of mourning, the deep mouthed engines of war, which, under his direction, thundered only for the public good, all—all anounce that a great calamity has befallen this part of the human race, who owe to him their happineſs and independence.

But the country which experienced his fatherly protection, is not ſufficiently extenſive for the diſplay of his glory.

Already thoſe children of nature, whom European avarice has for two centuries, been hurrying to annihilation, thoſe ſavages of the woods, who regarded the name of Waſhington, as the barrier of their frontier; Yes, thoſe men, without doubt, are already aſſembled, and methinks I hear them ſay "Our Father, the great Warrior of America, has gone down to the tomb; who now ſhall guarantee to us the poſſeſſion of our lands? Brethren let us make an offering to his ſhade, that it may protect us, and let us tranſmit his image to our children."

How truly great muſt be the glory of that virtuous citizen, whoſe likeneſs, in every quarter of the globe,

graces every dwelling, except, perhaps, the palaces of kings. How truly great muſt that glory be, which is proclaimed by the ſavage of the woods in concert with all the civilized nations of the world.

Violators of the ſacred laws of humanity, to whom criminal adulation erected trophies and thrones, you, who, after having ſpread devaſtation over the earth, dared to call yourſelves the maſters of it! What are you in compariſon with the modeſt Hero, whom impartial truth this day proclaims the defender of the human race? Execrable tyrants, who dwelt in the midſt of ſlaves and butchers, and whoſe exiſtence your people ſorrowfully ſupported, what is become of your glory? The ſalutary hand of death has ſuſpended the ſentiment of fear which bore down your victims, and all the monuments of your power are fallen, with yourſelves into the duſt.

When eternal providence ſends great men upon earth for models and avengers, it, at the ſame time, watches over the ſafety of innocence, and the protection of its altars. If virtue had not alſo its defenders and protectors, all the imprecations, vented by the unfortunate againſt divine providence, would be juſtified.

In his youth, Waſhington felt the ſublime impulſe of love for man and liberty. Heaven had infuſed into him an abundant portion of that ethereal fire, which raiſe the ſoul to the contemplation of great things. He could not feel all the dignity of his nature without groaning for the degradation of an immenſe portion of his ſpecies. A ſingle inſtitution* brought men under the level of

* Maſonry.

equality; he wiſhed to underſtand its principles, he wiſhed to become one of its members. His ſoul expanded with the pure flame of charity; and, I have the pride to believe, that, the firſt ſtep which he made in the temple of truth, had an influence on the fate of this empire, and on the improvements in the ſyſtems of other governments, what have been the conſequence of it?

A ſimple education, by leaving the energy of his ſoul unimpaired, and his body in full vigor, enabled him to paſs his youthful days between the noble employment of cultivating the ground and purſuing the art of war. Notwithſtanding, however brilliant the career of his arms might have appeared to him, whatever eſteem his bravery and ſkill in the performance of his duty might have acquired, whatever hopes of advancement the elevated rank which he poſſeſſed when but twenty years of age, might have held forth to him, the glory of being only a great warrior, did not appear to him worthy of the ſacrifice of his prevailing paſſion for the innocent charms of agriculture and domeſtic felicity. He took up arms only for the defence of the ſoil that gave him birth, and only to prevent its devaſtation. It was, without doubt, that, then fighting againſt Frenchmen, he learnt what powerful aid might be derived, from that brave and generous nation, for the eſtabliſhment of liberty, in the new world.

The unfortunately natural proneneſs of power towards oppreſſion, had drawn on the American colonies, all the abuſes which accompany pride and authority. The yoke became inſupportable, called forth a ſpirit of reſiſtance. The mother country committed to the de-

ciſion of the ſword, the iſſue of a quarrel, which juſtice and reaſon might have ſettled without the effuſion of human blood. Rarely does power ſuffer weakneſs to expreſs the ſenſe of its innocence. It was, therefore, thought proper to threaten with chains, or menace with death, a people who boaſted of Waſhington for their friend and defender; and war commenced with fury between men, whom a conformity of language and manners, it ſeemed ought to have united by indiſſoluble ties.

When the mother country threw her armies on the ſhores of America, to ſupport her pretenſions, all eyes, all hearts were turned towards the peaceable farmer of Mount Vernon. He undertook the defence and juſtification of his country with the devotion and modeſty of true heroiſm. All the friends of glory and liberty flocked to his ſtandard, and the proud aggreſſors of Bunker's Hill ſoon found, that, a nation armed by juſtice and led by a great man, was not the conqueſt of a day. The haughty preſumption of the enemy's generals cauſing them to forget what pity has a right to expect from a civilized nation, even in a ſtate of war, our hero, with the firmneſs of a republican ſoldier, recalled to their minds, the principles of honor and humanity, the only alleviation to the ſeverity of the warrior's lot.

All thoſe epithets which ſcorn invents to excite hatred and contempt againſt an enemy, loſt their original meaning. Their patience in marches, and military manoeuvres, their reſignation when in want of every thing, and their intrepidity in action, all ſoon announced that theſe rebels againſt arbitrary and tyrannical laws were ſo many heroes;

all ſoon announced, that the army, like its illuſtrious leader, was equally inacceſſible to fear as to corruption.

The argument which enforces the neceſſity of oppreſſing men in order to govern them, is a calumny againſt the human race, invented by tyranny to palliate its exceſſes and to juſtify its crimes. It is the example of ſuperior characters that has the moſt powerful influence over the morality of nations. Waſhington ſupported the perſeverance of his ſoldiers and the hopes of his fellow citizens, only by the aſcendancy of his virtues. His ſenſibility for the ſufferings of others, while his own appeared to have been forgotten, inflamed the ardor of men, of whoſe labours he was, at once, the director and partaker.

His ſacred regard to his engagements was the means of furniſhing him reſources, which were even witheld from the conquerors for want of confidence. The Canadians proviſioning his army, upon the bare guarantee of his name, have rendered immortal homage to the rectitude of his heart.

The enthuſiaſm which theſe firſt ſucceſſes produced, augmented his hopes, without intoxicating his ſoul. Boſton received him with acclamations of admiration and gratitude; but, the hero, regardleſs of himſelf in the midſt of the joy which he had inſpired, converted, to the profit of his country, the intereſt which he had excited for himſelf. In modeſtly declining the premature laurels which the love of his country decreed him, he nobly gave all the credit to the companions of his arms, and kept in reſerve for himſelf only the treaſure of public opinion, by which he has ſince been enabled twice to ſave his country.

Hitherto, the war was but a ſimple and lawful defence on the part of America. All the means of reconciliation being vaniſhed, it became neceſſary to declare the emancipation of a great people, to give them a ſolid form of government, and, with a vigorous reſolution to maintain it, to raiſe them to a place among the nations of the earth. Whatever might have been the manoeuvres of the enemy to prevent this ſeparation, ſo fatal to the mother country, the independence of the United States as proclaimed and ſolemnly ſworn to be maintained at the head of the armies.

All the combinations of force were rendered abortive by reſiſtance, and the enemies of Waſhington and liberty conceived, that, to immolate one, would be the only means of deſtroying the other. The life of the hero who ſeemed to hold the deſtinies of America in his hands was to have been deſtroyed by the aſſaſſin's dagger,* but, an ever active providence watched over him, and the bloody plot anſwered no other purpoſe to its authors, than to complete the meaſure of hatred and horror which they had inſpired.

Whilſt he was thus engaged in braving aſſaſſins and combatting armies, fortune was preparing for his great ſoul, an opportunity to immortalize itſelf. His very reverſes had diſcovered to him the ſecrets of the weakneſs of his enemies. The difficulty of replacing their men, made the latter deſirous of an active war, which

* Impartial Hiſtory of the military and political events of the laſt war, Vol. 1 page 184. Gordon's Hiſtory of the United States, vol. 2, page 71, Idem, vol. 3, fol. 213.

might ſoon decide their fate, and leave no time to the American ſoldiers for acquiring diſcipline. The former, by ſeizing the opportunities for attack conſtantly offered by European tactics, had become alarmingly enfeebled. Already the capital momently expected to bow to the law of the conqueror; but, Waſhington, ſuperior to the ſenſe of fear, dared to hope every thing from the juſtice of his cauſe and the greatneſs of his courage. Like another Leonidas, he had the boldneſs to believe, that with three thouſand ſoldiers of liberty, he could face his numerous enemies. In fact, the imminence of the danger produced ſuch increaſed ardor and devotion to the cauſe, that he braved the Engliſh, received reinforcements, ſaved Philadelphia, and crowned the glorious enterpriſe by reducing 1500 of the enemy's troops to the humiliating condition of laying down their arms.

Plains of Trenton! your name is as immortal as the hero whom I celebrate. The feeling traveller, will ſtop, in every age, to contemplate the fields, where victory wove a wreath for valour and juſtice.

Inhabitants of this peaceful country! Your children can never again behold their deliverer; but let it be your delight, to lead them to the field of battle, where Waſhington ſaved your independence, and let them water the place of his triumph with tears of gratitude!

The plans of the enemy being diſconcerted, it was expected the reſources of a great nation, indignant of defeats, would all be diſplayed. And, indeed, neither money or men were ſpared to ſtifle the new born republic in its cradle. Three armies, whoſe progreſs, all the genius of Waſhington, and all the bravery of his troops

could, with difficulty arreſt, threatened it from diſtant points. The conqueſt of the capital was the chief object of their wiſhes. An army ſuperior in numbers, came for his purpoſe, to provoke the American army to a general action. Its illuſtrious chief foreſaw all the danger of expoſing the ſafety of a great city to the fate of a battle; but, Congreſs having ordered it, he obeyed as a citizen and fought as a hero. The victory which eſcaped him at Brandywine, notwithſtanding the prodigies of valour exhibited by the American army and the French auxiliary officers, opened to the enemies the road to Philadelphia. This blow, far from damping the ardour of Waſhington, ſerved only to reanimate it. He continued the mode of warfare moſt favourable to courage, and contrived to avoid the danger of general actions, by which his country might have loſt in one day, the fruit of three years' ſacrifices and battles. The happy advantage of ſparing the blood of his fellow citizens and wearying his enemy was the reſult of his ſyſtem. Like a profound politician, he ſaw that in temporiſing, he gave to the powers of Europe, always rivals, always at war, always ambitious, time to intereſt themſelves in the fate of people, whoſe emancipation would deprive the richeſt, the moſt active, and moſt jealous of all nations of a part of her reſources. The event juſtified his expectations. The French government thought it incumbent on it to aid in humiliating Great-Britain; and, regardleſs of the conſequences which might reſult to itſelf, declared for the United States of America, whoſe independence it acknowledged.

The warriors of France, in crowds, ſtrove for the honor of haſtening to engage, under a new hemiſphere,

the natural enemies of their country. The love of glory and liberty rendered the allied legions invincible; and England ſoon found herſelf reduced to the alternative of loſing the remainder of her poſſeſſions in the new world; or, of abandoning her vain and dangerous pretenſions over the American republic. However, nothing was left untried by that nation to recover its authority. Promiſes, threats, all were employed; all were of no avail. The treachery of one republican general was the only triumph gained by corruption over the fidelity of the army; nor did the defection of this officer coſt England leſs than a ſoldier, for whoſe fate Europe and America have wept.

Major André, a youthful hero, on whom nature and love had been prodigal of their favours, had the weakneſs to engage in the criminal projects of a traitor. He was deſerted by fortune from the very moment that he dared, for the firſt time, to violate the ſacred principles of military honor. His life was doomed to pay the forfeit! But ſo many virtues, and ſuch uncommon grace, ſo powerfully plead for the pardon of his fault that imperious neceſſity alone could have determined the order for his death. Here the ſtateſman, here the ſoldier, inflexible in his obedience to the laws, was bound to ſtifle the emotions of pity and indulgence. The chief of the republican army was bound to confirm the ſentence of death on a guilty foe, undaunted by the apprehenſion of being charged with inhumanity. But after the accompliſhment of the painful duty, the compaſſionate ſoul of the hero was at liberty to give a looſe to all the emotions of ſenſibility! O Waſhington! the tears with which thou

batheſt the decree that ſealed his fate, will, in the eyes of pitying poſterity, efface a crime, which the love of beauty and the love of his country extorted from the virtue of the unfortunate André.

The capture of York Town, one of the moſt deciſive actions of the war, put an end to the hopes of the enemies of America.

Waſhington gave to the French and American army, a proof of his eſteem, which, its intrepidity and patience in this expedition, juſtly merited. The French ſoldiers, ever alive to glory, found in the praiſe of a hero, amends for all their ſufferings. The joy of this ſolemn fete was completed by the pardon of all the faults of diſcipline, committed during the campaign; and this day, was one of the moſt ſatisfactory to the father and friend of ſoldiers, ſince he had it in his power to crown it by an act of clemency.

The war drawing near to a cloſe, Waſhington aſſembled the officers of the army to exhort them to maintain the example of perſeverance which they had unceaſingly diſplayed, and to be on their guard againſt the perfidious inſinuations of the enemies of their independence. This great man ſo completely inſpired the companions of his glory with his own ſentiments, that they again renewed their oath to die for their country.

The period when an empire is to be organized, is always a time of trouble and anarchy. All the political ideas being new, and every intereſt different, each one wiſhes to reap the benefits of the new eſtabliſhments. The ſecret enemies of the new order of things, which it may be intended to eſtabliſh, taking advantage of

this critical moment to introduce a diſcordancy of opinions, war is the conſequence of the diviſion of ſentiment, unleſs a centre is formed which will unite all hearts. Waſhington who had wreſted America from the fury of oppreſſion, now ſaved it from its own phrenzy. With his victorious hands, he extinguiſhed the torch of civil war, which was about to envellope his country in flame. No one flattering himſelf with the expectation of gaining Waſhington over to his own party, the whole nation became of his ; and the calm of confidence ſucceeded to the tumult of confuſion.

The ſacrifices made by the federal republic brought on a peace ; but ſo exhauſted were its reſources, that it found itſelf utterly unable to perform the promiſes made to its brave defenders. The army complained to its general of the refuſal of the government, and loudly accuſed it of ingratitude ; the ſoldiers reminded him of their paſt ſufferings and preſent neceſſities. The hero, beholding their miſery, and convinced of the impoſſibility of ameliorating their ſituation, appeaſed their murmurs by the concern only which he took in their ſufferings. Having refuſed to receive any compenſation for himſelf, he was the moſt proper perſon to demand a reward for his companions in arms. But, however, great might have been his deſire to preſerve the affection of his army, he defended the honor of the government againſt the inſinuations and attacks of the diſcontented. Every thing aſſumed the calm of his ſoul ; the fear of diſpleaſing him, ſeemed to do away all diſtruſt, to unite all ſentiments ; and the ſublime letter with which he concluded his military career, affixed the ſeal of immortality to the titles of his glory.

Affecting ſcenes were now preparing for the heart of Waſhington. He wes about to leave that army, which ſix years of fidelity and attachment, had ſo much endeared to him. He appeared a Germanicus receiving the adieux of the Roman legions. Every eye was ſuffuſed with tears, every heart was oppreſſed with grief, and a croud of heroes, preſſed around the great man, each one eager to catch and preſerve theſe affecting words; "With a heart full of love and gratitude, I take leave of you, with an ardent prayer that the evening of your days may be as happy and proſperous as their morning has been glorious and honorable." The ſilence of grief was the eloquent reply of the army. The friend of the people, perceiving, after he had left the ſhore, all eyes directed towards him, reſpectfully ſaluted this family of brothers and friends, whoſe every heart was with him; and, with difficulty, he ſuppreſſed the painful emotions of his ſoul.

His journey afterwards was a triumphal proceſſion. Teſtimonials of gratitude and veneration every where followed him. The hero, apparently unconſcious of the immortal laurels with which his brows were incircled, in a public manner, aſcribed his ſucceſſes to the influence of heaven, to the courage of his fellow citizens and the juſtice of their cauſe. Then, bowing before the auguſt depoſitaries of the law, he returned into their hands that victorious ſword, which he had held by their authority, thanked them for their confidence in him, rendered an account, with his own hand, of the public money which had been expended by him during the war, expreſſed his wiſhes for the proſperity of his country, recommended to her, her protectors, and ſolicited only

the favour of being permitted to paſs the remainder of his life in the peaceful ſhades of retirement, in the boſom of his family, and near to the tombs of his anceſtors.

His arrival at the delightful ſpot which contained all the objects of his affections, was a moment of ecſtacy, which his ſoul could ſcarcely ſupport. The tranſports of an adored wife, who, for ſix whole years, had no other conſolation than her tears and the glory of her huſband; and, who, again beheld him crowned with the bleſſings of the whole world; his eager neighbours and faithful domeſtics, bathing with their tears the hands that ſaved his country! What a ſcene! How powerful and how exquiſite muſt have been the ſenſations of his ſoul, ere he could find words to expreſs himſelf! O! Waſhington! how grateful ſhouldſt thou be to heaven for having preſerved the ſimplicity of thy heart, and enabled thee to ſay, in every period of thy life, with the The ban general, "I wiſh not to forget how they live at home." How pure muſt have been thy joy, ſince thou thyſelf felt the happineſs which thou hadſt inſpired others.

Domeſtic tranquility and the delightful harmony of nature, ſo grateful to ſtrong and feeling minds, had hardly begun to afford him a taſte of their charms, than the voice of his country again called him to the theatre of civil life. He alone could give that vigor to the laws, which, a confidence in the chief magiſtrate of a country inſpires. He ſaw the neceſſity of the ſacrifice; and, always devoted, always faithful to his duty, he haſtened to aſſume the reins of a government, which in part, owed its formation to him; and which was to receive its firſt luſtre from the wiſdom of his adminiſtration. The joy

of the people on again beholding the man of their choice, can only be compared to the modeſty of their benefactor. The whole of his route was lined with an immenſe concourſe of people, aſſembled from far and near.—Their joy was expreſſed by ſongs and by tears; innocence and beauty ſtrewed flowers in the path of the hero of liberty, and the gratitude of wives and mothers was inſcribed by the hand of chaſtity on triumphal arches.

I have ſeen the pompous entry of ſovereigns. I have ſeen the noiſy acclamations of the people rewarded by throwing to them with diſdain, a contemptable portion of the riches torn from their induſtry by the prodigality of kings. Under cars, glittering with gold and purple, I have ſeen miſery and wretchedneſs diſputing, at the riſk of life, for what could afford them but the relief of a day, and tears of humiliation and pity have rolled down my cheeks.

I have ſeen Waſhington, a ſecond time accept the moſt elevated of ſtations. Grateful, and with reſpect, before the ſource of all lawful authority, before this ſame claſs of citizens, which, in other places, I have ſeen cringing like ſlaves, him, I ſay, adorned with his laurels and his virtues, aſſume, with a noble pride, the title of firſt ſervant of the people, and my ſoul riſing to the ſublimity of his, I have felt that I could never again belong to maſters, after having been for a moment, the equal of a hero.

Under the firſt Preſidency of Waſhington, the happineſs of his conſtituents was complete. Under the ſecond, he could not avert all the dangers with which the peace of his country was threatened; but he averted war, the greateſt of all evils.

All Europe was in arms. France, the object of the jealouſy of all nations, was alſo become the object of their hatred. The ſucceſs of her invincible armies, and her revolutionary principles appearing dangerous to the ſafety of crowned heads, almoſt all of them appealed to the ſword for the maintenance of their authority. The government of the United States, ſolicited to become a party, conceived itſelf not bound in duty, either to eſpouſe the cauſe of kings, or to declare for an invincible people, who braved with ſucceſs a powerful coalition, and whoſe rulers were, at that time, cutting each others throats, at the altar of their country.

Waſhington, therefore, declared the neutrality of United America; and, opening to his nation, by this act of firmneſs, all the ſources of induſtry, from which, a people in a ſtate of war are debared, he prepared it to profit by the errors of Europe.

Thus, America became the aſylum of all the unfortunate, whom ſevere meaſures of policy, perſecution or miſery had driven from their country. All here found the ſame ſuccour, the ſame protection; for the laws being founded on juſtice and liberty, no fear exiſted either of the progreſs of reaſon, or the influence of prejudice.

To us, Frenchmen, who have been ſo kindly received on theſe peaceful ſhores, it belongs to pay diſtinguiſhed reſpect to the wiſdom of the Hero whom we deplore; we, whom cruel fate has torn from our homes, without ſuffering us to carry away any thing but our tears and our innocence, to intereſt the pity of mankind, ſhould ever hold him in grateful remembrance. What would have become of that croud of wretched old men, children and defenceleſs citizens, whom the daggers of aſſaſſins had

driven from their blazing habitations, if an inimical policy had repulsed us from this hospitable land. My countrymen, let us never forget to teach our children to bless the memory of the protector of their early days; let us never forget to tell them, that, but for him, perhaps, the wide ocean had been their tomb.

Whilst Europe, inundated with blood, endeavoured to force the neutral powers to swell the number of destroyers and victims, United America, enjoying peace wished to have nothing to fear from European policy, and the raising of an army appeared the surest mean to secure it against all foreign menace and influence. The name, alone, of Washington, ought to have convinced the belligerant powers of the injustice of their attempts on a nation whose defence he had undertaken. This great man imposed no other conditions to his obedience than those of Cincinnatus to the Roman Senate—the liberty of retiring to his fields, when the country should be placed in a state of security.

It was in the midst of this new career, that, death snatched him from the love and gratitude of the world.

Heaven and Nature have taken back their gift in all the perfection of his being, that he might carry to the tomb, a glory unsullied by any human weakness. Serene in mind, above fear, all human obligations paid, at peace with God, his exalted soul is gone to enjoy in heaven the blessings which it receives from mortals.

O! Washington, if in the abode of thy glory thou art accessible to the sighs and lamentations of men, pardon their grief, should it intrude for a moment on thy supreme felicity! Thou canst not, yet tear thyself from our love; our sorrows will pursue thee even to the bosom

of the Divinity.—Each day will we do homage to eternal mercy in immortalizing thy memory—each day will we importune it, in imploring the reſtoration of thy virtues!

Shade of WASHINGTON reſt in Peace!

Sovereign Arbiter of worlds, Supreme and Inexhauſtable ſource of all Good! accept our thanks! Thou haſt beſtowed on the world a model of all human perfection, to re-animate the germs of virtue, implanted in our boſoms! Deign! O! Great Architect of the Univerſe to inſpire the rulers of nations with a ſenſe of thy inefable goodneſs! Stay with thine Almighty arm, the blood and tears, with which pride and ambition are drenching the earth! Grant, O my God! That the deſire of glory may be kindled in the ſouls of heroes, only by the love of juſtice and humanity!

[After the Orator had ceaſed to ſpeak the Worſhipful Maſter aroſe, and delivered in Engliſh the following reſpectful addreſs to the Grand-Maſter, and other Grand Officers and American viſitors; and concluded the ceremonies of the day with a polite addreſs, in French, to the ladies.]

R. W. Grand-Maſter; W. Grand-Officers of the Grand Lodge of Pennsylvania, American Brethren,

HOWEVER true may be the ſatisfaction we feel every time you honor this Lodge with your preſence, we cannot but lament the occaſion of your viſit on this day. If the loſs we all bewail, was but a common loſs, if the grief it occaſions, was confined to American hearts, I might perhaps have attempted to alleviate it; but what comfort could you expect to receive from thoſe who want comfort as much as you? How can I preſume to dry up the tears you ſhed upon the tomb of your illuſtrious countryman, when his eminent virtues have made him the man of all nations, the idol of all hearts. Yes, brethren, however proud America may feel of having produced ſuch a hero, it is long ſince ſhe loſt her excluſive claim to his glory, it is long ſince he became the ornament of mankind, and the citizen of the world. Permit me however, to tell you, that to no nation on earth; after his own, was he ſo dear as he was to France; there the fame of his immortal actions filled every heart with pride and admiration; there, his only

name had the taliſmanic power of ennobling the ſoul, and raiſing it to ſublime things. Such was, Brethren, the opinion entertained of our illuſtrious Brother, at the time I left my native country. I truſt theſe noble ſentiments have not degenerated, and ſincerely hope, that the ceremony you witneſs to day in this Lodge, will find imitators in our ſiſter Lodges of France; there alſo, a juſt tribute will be paid to the memory of our hero; there alſo the moſt feeling part of the creation will blend their tears with thoſe of Maſons, and exhibit the affecting ſcene of Beauty weeping upon the trophies of glory and virtue.

MY AMIABLE SISTERS,

In inviting you, this day, to become partners in our ſorrows and our tears, we have only done homage to a dictate of nature, and acknowledged a right, your title to which, ſhe herſelf is proud to guarantee. Grief is the offspring and attendant of ſenſibility, and beauty claims the privilege of preparing garlands for the tombs of heroes. It is for her ſmiles they make ſuit during the career of their lives, it is her tears they ſolicit when they deſcend in their ſplendour, to the night of the grave. Perhaps no mortal ever boaſted a fairer title to this glorious tribute, than he whoſe recent loſs inflicts a wound on every heart! The tablature of his reſplendent virtues has been juſt pourtrayed to us by the hand of genius; truth vouchſafed to guide the pencil, ſentiment furniſhed her magic colouring, and your tears are ſufficient evidence how irreſiſtable was the effect!

Had not grief the deplorable power of ſwallowing up every other ſentiment, I would declare to you what delight and glory I derive from preſiding in the Lodge l'Amenité, on an occaſion when you aſſemble to adorn its important labours. In lamenting with you, that it ſhould be this ſame ſentiment of grief which has introduced beauty to the temple of wiſdom, I am, notwithſtanding bound to congratulate you on ſuch a fortunate occurrence, an occurrence of which the value ſhould be deemed proportionate to the rarity. The unuſual ſplendour with which your preſence gilds the ceremonies of the day, the brilliancy of ſentiment with which you inſpire our ſouls, the noble dignity of woe which your deportment has manifeſted, ſhould all conſpire to ſwell our regret that the inflexible laws of Maſonry excludes you from a knowledge of her myſteries. But however rigid you may deem thoſe laws, beware of ſuſpecting them of caprice or injuſtice. Reject the opinion of an ignorant populace, who hold this excluſion injurious to that lovely ſex which conſtitutes its object. Baniſh the idea, which would mortify us by ſhading with ſuſpicion the ſublime opinion we entertain of your virtues. Be aſſured, that, in thus retiring from your view, we diſtruſt ourſelves rather than you—Be aſſured, that far from undervaluing the gifts with which nature has ſo bounteouſly favoured you, we dread the dominion which they never fail to exerciſe over our hearts. Finally, be aſſured that beauty is excluded from the temple of wiſdom, only from an apprehenſion that the torch of Love might obſcure, by its brilliancy, the ſweet but feeble luſtre of truth.

But, though ſtrangers to the myſteries which reign in this place, you do not fail, my dear Siſters, to co-operate in the grand work which we have undertaken. It is in the boſom of your domeſtic virtues, that we prepare the precious elements of a courſe of labour devoted to wiſdom; it is you, who, in conferring on us the ſacred title of parent, open to our hearts all the treaſures of tender ſenſibility, and render them capable of thoſe emotions which beneficence and humanity have ſo often applauded in this place; it is you whoſe mild reſignation gives calmneſs to thoſe turbulent ſpirits ever prone to be reſtleſs under the preſſure of adverſity; it is you who ſweeten the bitter cup of a long and painful exile; it is you who render tolerable an exiſtence remote from our country; it is you who ſpreading a veil over the retroſpect of opulence for ever loſt, embelliſh, with your charms, even the dwellings of indigence; finally, it is you who give us to know, that real miſery is an empty ſound, when the conſcience is a ſtranger to the pangs of remorſe. Accept the tribute of gratitude, which we tender for ſo many favours received at your hands? Accept the tribute of our homage, for all the virtues with which you inſpire us!—Perſevere in the glorious taſk which providence in his wiſe diſpenſation, his aſſigned you. Implant in our children thoſe ſentiments with which your own ſpotleſs boſoms are inſpired. Render them worthy of being one day, conſecrated on the altar which we have here erected to wiſdom. Teach them to mingle their prayers with ours for our final reſtoration to the boſom of our country. In a word, continue to be what you are, and you may then flatter your-

ſelves of being able to co-operate in the labour which wiſdom has enveloped in the ſhadows of myſtery.

Viſitants from every kindred lodge who this day honor us with your preſence, accept, in this form profane, ſuch thanks and acknowledgements as are your due. If the lodges which are ſo fortunate as to be the diſpenſers of light to you, feel any intereſt in our labours, give them to know, that you have ſeen the French Lodge L' Amenité prodigal of her tears over the tomb of Waſhington.

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